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T H E

ARNO MISCELLANY

Academies K

BEING
A COLLECTION OF FUGITIVE PIECES
WRITTEN BY THE MEMBERS OF A SOCIETY
CALLED THE OZIOSI
AT FLORENCE

... O quantum est in rebus inane!

PERS.

FLORENCE
Printed in the STAMPERIA BONDUCCIANA
MDCCCLXXXIV.

T H E

ARNO MISCELLANY

A COLLECTION OF
THE
PUBLISHED BY A SOCIETY
OF
LONDON



... O. ... of the ...

1844

L O R E N C E

Printed in the STAMPA VIA MONTECASSANO

MONTECASSANO

THE
ARNO MISCELLANY

EPIGRAM ON THE AIR BALLOON

As it appear'd in the Florence Gazette

by the Abbè C

Terra neci sat erat, terræ olim adiecimus undas,

Nunc undis tractus iungimus aërios.

Quæ mortale genus regno perdebat in uno,

Ocius ut perdat, nunc tria regna tenet.

TRANSLATION.

by Mr. M

THE land alone sufficed of yore

To glut pale Death's destructive train;

Next mid the waves was felt his power,

And now he rules th' aerial plain.

Mankind to surer ruin run.

Death has three realms instead of one.

A 2

TRANSLATION

by Monsieur B

La Terre dans son sein fit assez de tombeaux,
Mais la cruelle Mort, jusques au fond des eaux,
En ajouta bientôt une liste effroyable,
Sans pouvoir assouvir sa rage insatiable,
Et malgré cet empire sur la terre, et les mers,
Elle en cherche aujourd'hui un nouveau dans les airs.

ANOTHER

by the same.

La Mort regnoit jadis sur la terre et les mers,
Les Humains aujourd'hui s'élancent dans les airs,
Pour y étendre encore son effroyable empire,
Ils croient y voir la gloire; mais ce n'est qu'un délire.

Another TRANSLATION, Imitation
Paraphrase, *o come vogliono loro Signori.*

by Mr. R

IN ancient times , on land alone
Men used to vent their latest groan ;
When Death , in form , employed his spade ,
And dust to dust was duely laid .

'Till , fond the fishes realm to share ,
(What will not human boldness dare !)
'Mid rocks and shoals they skim the wave ,
And soon obtain a wat'ry grave .

Was't not enough for Man , that he
Could perish both by land and sea ?
O no : he needs must pierce the air ,
To try if Death alike were there .

Hail soaring France ! to thee we owe
This exit *tout a fait nouveau*;
And Death has learnt , from thy Balloon,
To call three Elements his own,

The REPLY.

Said no by the same.

How ill, says DEATH, you spend your time

In scrib'ling lines like those:

Before you write, my friend, in rhyme,

Pray learn to think in prose.

To me o'er all the human race

Dominion wide was given;

In every age, in every place:

Such was the will of Heaven.

Of him who first put bark to sea

Unjustly you complain:

Instead of mine, more truly, he

Extended LIFE's domain.

And now with what intent, or view,

Do Frenchmen soar on high?

In *savoir vivre* trust Monsieur,

He mounts not there to die.

The AIR BALLOON

by Mr. M

*. negata tentat iter via,**Cætusque vulgareis, & udam**Spernit humum*

HOR.

IN vain since hapless Mortals try

To shun th' unerring shaft of Death;

Since all that creep, and all that fly,

Must soon or late resign their breath;

Why should we fear t' improve the day,

The fleeting day from darkness given,

And, where bright Science points the way,

To range the land, the sea, the heaven?

B

Then freely mount th' expanse above

Fond Man ! nor dread the ebon rod ;
On wings of winds sublimely rove ,
A great , a momentary God .

Behold he mounts , and deems it fable ,

By gloomy Jews contriv'd of old ,
That those who rais'd the tow'r of Babel
Were by th' Almighty's hand controul'd .

No more th' Eternal rules in ire ,

His wond'rous love is round display'd ,
He smiles to see weak man aspire :
Pleas'd with the worm his bounty made :

And thou who cleav'st the azure sky ,

Like him , with pity shalt look down ;
Shalt view like him , with equal eye
The shepherd's crook , the Monarch's crown ;

. There plac' d above the storm's career

Shalt hear wild war-fare rage below ;

And learn to drop the manly tear ,

To see the blood of thousands flow :

„ Poor human race ! I hear thee cry ,

When failing 'twixt the earth and moon ,

„ Is all this bustle , but to die ?

„ Ah ! what is life ? an air Balloon .

HUMAN GREATNESS,

by Mr. M

Exitus ergo quis est ? o Gloria !

IUV.

TO A FRIEND,

ASK you why all have wished to fly,
Both wise and foolish, you and I,
And, from the origin of things,
Have envied e'en the Owl her wings ?
Is it thro' yon expanse to roam,
And bring sublimer knowledge home ?
Or raised above the vicious crouds,
To meet pure virtue in the clouds ?
Or is't that, riding on the wind,
We leave distracting care behind ?
Ah ! none of these : high-towering pride
Wakes the warm wish, herself the guide,

Behold MONTGOLFIER, here and there,
Canter about the Atmosphere,
And with his wond'rous air Balloon,
Visits the dogstar and the moon.
What tho' he fears his globe should burst,
Yet fly he will, to fly the first,
Next CHARLES and ROBERT must be reckon'd,
Eager to mount, and mount the second,
'Till pride subsiding by degrees,
We all shall fly; and fly at ease,
Yet whatsoever was the cause,
MONTGOLFIER merits our applause,

Caught by the fashion of the time,
I too would soar, but soar in rhyme;
And as I make the weak endeavour,
Cry out, old Pegasus for ever!
O would he bear me up to Fame,
To add to thine my humbler name!
Methinks e'en now I seem to go,
Like Iris, on her painted bow;
Or like the nimble son of love,
His friend, his messenger of love,

Or, as I take my airy flight,
Shine like Apollo to the sight.
Mean time you know full well that I
Am but a leaden Mercury,
Plac'd on some Cit's vain villa's top
Pretend to rise, but ever stop.

Well, be it so; but still I chatter,
Of this, or that or t'other matter.
By just gradations all things rise,
Man travels first, then sails, and flies.
Three elements at length submit,
Confess his power, and show his wit.
Tho' now and then he breaks his neck
On land, or meets at sea a wreck,
Tho' from the air he gets a fall;
Pride whispers, he is lord of all.
But fire alas! is so hot-headed,
The more 'tis known the more 'tis dreaded,
And tho', for man's domestic use,
It boils his mutton, roasts his goose;

Yet once broke out no force assuages ,
It burns his House down as it rages .
So have I seen , in Britain's Isle ,
A wife subservient sweetly smile ,
And do whate'er her Husband wishes ,
Bake all his meats , and clean his dishes :
But should he put her in a fury ,
The case is alter'd , I assure you .

The first who saw his Timber float ,
Got the conceit to make a boat .
And , tho' a little in a fright ,
He row'd about with great delight .
Soon Pride puffed out his sail , and he
Ventured his little bark to sea .
At last a hidden rock he found ,
His vessel split and he was drown'd .
Yet hence whatever poets write on ,
Of Venus , Neptune and his Triton .
Of fair Europa and her bull ,
With which you find whole volumes full ,

And hence from place to place with ease,
 What gliding forests cross the seas:
 And England, long renown'd in story,
 Hence draws her riches, and her glory.
 Hence too the sailor laughs to hear,
 The landman's question, and his fear,
 A flattering consolation draws,
 And gives himself his own applause.
 O'er the wild waves exults to skim,
 And pities those who pity him.

Dear Pride! who rul'st this scene below!
 From thee what mighty actions flow;
 From thee what travelling, fighting, Heroes,
 What Cæsars, Antonys, and Neros,
 What Charles's, Philips, Ferdinandos,
 Who did much more than any man does,
 Saint Louis with his mad Crusade,
 What war, what folly, what parade!
 From whom in order, next we see
 The glitt'ring sons of Chivalry,

Sablime Knights errant , haughty train !
Come proudly prancing o'er the plain ,
With coats of mail , and nodding plumes ,
And gentle Squires , instead of grooms ,
Thro' scenes of danger fiercely urging ,
To rescue some distracted virgin ,
Perform most desp'rate feats to brag on ,
And kill a Giant or a Dragon :
Yet , from this never-ceasing rout ,
We find all human greatness out ;
Tho' wise Philosophers maintain ,
The dignity of toil and pain ,
And wond'ring mortals draw from hence ,
„ How vast is our Magnificence !

At last the sea as well as shore ,
Content the Human race no more ;
Now they build castles in the air ,
To rise and float and triumph there ,
To shine like comets from afar ,
Or good Elijah in his car ,

From East to West sublimely roll ,
And sail thro' nothing to the Pole .
Still as they fly Pride follows near ,
To pour soft transport in their ear ,
Chief Mover of this earthly scene ,
Herself and Death no space between ,

EPISTOLARY ODE

To A R , Esq.

AH why amidst this life of woe,
Does active fancy love to glow,
With shadowy prospects hourly cheat?
Why point to joy's extatic bowers,
To wanton scenes, and laughing hours,
Ah why renew the known deceit?

Illusion all; for round this globe,
Is wrapt Affliction's varied robe;
And ruthless Death, with savage leer,
Scowls on the learn'd, the gay, the great,
The Virgin's blush, the Monarch's state,
And couches fierce his iron spear,

Yes, all in vain from pole to pole,
Our vessels glide our chariots roll;
In vain at length we mount the sky;
MONTGOLFIER in his air Balloon,
May fail to Saturn or the Moon,
But yet from fate he ne'er can fly.

And soon alas! this Being ends,
But whence it came, or whither tends,
Enlighten'd R who shall say?
We issue from the realms of night,
Existence shows a fearful light,
We gaze, and wonder at the day.

But ere our eyes can clearly see,
Ere we are well convinced to be,
The transient vital gleam is o'er,
Sudden we vanish as we came,
Extinguish'd is the mortal flame,
We breathe, we feel, we think no more.

Nor only is our life confin'd,
But human Knowledge short and blind,
And all that Art, that Science gave,
Like the sad race of helpless man,
Must end as sure as it began;
For time's an universal grave.

Nor deem that we can ought discern
That's new; Events succeed in turn;
Whate'er is now, has been before:
The self-same circle has been run,
As certain as that yonder sun,
Has sett and risen o'er and o'er.

Yet weak Tradition fades away;
And Hist'ry treats but of a day;
The causes lost, effects remain,
Soon the Effects alike subside;
And Ignorance, with barb'rous pride,
Again resumes her darken'd reign.

Florence March 11. 1784

R..... M.....

To R M Esq.

In Answer to the foregoing.

WITH bloom of youth and vigour blest,
No furrows on your cheek imprest,
What prompts my friend to sigh?
Why do your numbers plaintive flow?
Why wears your Muse this garb of woe?
O tell me, tell me why.

Is it that life is short and vain,
That dust too soon returns again
To what it was before?
Or feel you, with the pamper'd throng,
That life is miserably long,
And wish the day were o'er?

Life needs must long to those appear ,
Who never felt or hope or fear ;
Most torpidly serene !
Whose minds unruffled never knew ,
That adverse winds , and prosp'rous , blew ,
To change , by turns , the scene .

To pass the time is all we crave ,
Between the cradle and the grave ,
In every age and clime :
Thus Heroes hurry to the fight ,
Thus Lawyers wrangle , Poets write ;
And all to pass the time .

This World is like a public Show ,
Where men from various motives go ;
Some on the Stage to shine ;
While others snugly in the Pit ,
Laugh at their tricks , or plaud their wit ,
As sense , or 'whim , incline .

Then come, my friend! let us repair,
With these, of sport to take our share,
And every feat explore:

Whether MONTGOLFIER shines a Star,
Or RUSSIA's Empress thunders war,
Against the GRAND SIGNOR,

Whether the sprightly Lord MAHON,
Rides and directs the tourbillon:

While FOX forsakes the Hall;
Or PITT, more quietly, makes known,
His Master's firmness, and his own,
Amidst the deaf'ning brawl.

You'll ask, What would these folks be at;
I own I cannot answer that;

But whatso'er their ends,
The men who serve t'amuse the day,
Who help the dull with what to say,
Are all their Country's friends.

Florence March 12. 1784

A.... R.....

EXULTATION

A PASTORAL

Translated from the original Babelonian

By M. R

And presented by him for his admission
into the Society of the Oziosi
at Florence.

. . . . *sunt & mihi carmina ; me quoque dicunt*
Vatem Pastores

VIRG.

Beneath the texture of a pensive oak,
Where conscious meads in soft effusion broke,
And careless murmurs, feelingly awake,
Recall the silvan coolness of the brake,
Two Swains reclining sooth'd th' enamour'd tongue,
And thus, with fragrant vows, their oaten reeds they
(strung.

D

STREPHON

In ev'ry grove the various floods combine,
 A thousand beauties bask upon the line,
 The vocal breezes emulate the day;
 But Chloe is the subject of my lay.

CORYDON

Let lightning dance its everlasting round,
 While mazy beams reflect a dawning sound;
 Let Echo in meanders glide along;
 But Phyllis is the burthen of my song.

STREPHON

Chloe's to me more fair than azure sight,
 More soft than zephyrs melting into light.
 O come, ye swains, and leave th' enammel'd morn,
 Tho' sportive garlands rival your return.

CORYDON

My Phillis, wond'ring, strives the heat to pierce,
 And smiles precarious through the gay reverse;
 Ye hills and dales, that chear the limpid sand,
 Bear me where ages flow at her command!

STREPHON

My Love, regardless of the vernal main,
Like honey, blushing, variegates my pain;
And, like the bee, she smooths the mantled green;
Soft as the stars, and, as the hills serene.

CORYDON

My Love is like the rural seats above.
The canopy of Fate is like my Love:
My Love is like the deep in purple drest;
And all ambrosia warbles in her breast.

STREPHON

Now tell me, Corydon, and Chloe take,
What thing is that, by Kings expell'd the lake,
Whose airy footsteps faded as they grew,
Produc'd in silence, yet alive in blue?

CORYDON

First tell me, Strephon, and be Phillis thine
What thing is that, so daringly divine,
By Reason feather'd, and by Nature prest,
Refulgent, doubled, trebled, and unblest?

MENALCAS

Enough, enough, O Shepherds, your delay
Retards the fleecy partners of the spray,
See how, in clouds, the fertile streams arise;
See how profusion wantons in the skies:
From wave to wave contending shades appear,
Returning swans proclaim the welkin near,
And aid, with sweets profound, the surface of the year.

CRUDDRODDRUCK

A N O D E

Translated from the Celtic

By Mr. M

After seeing the foregoing Pastoral

Τὸν δ' ἀπαμειβόμενος πολυφλοίσβοιο θαλάσσης.

HOM.

STROPHE

- „ **N**OW the wolves of Fury bleed
 „ Now she bends her glitt'ring steed,
 „ Far beyond the captive sky,
 „ Where refulgent Eagles cry,
 „ 'Midst oblivious realms of care.
 „ Boundless Nature, mildly drooping,
 „ Soft on Ocean's bosom stooping,
 „ Joins her song, all songs excelling,
 „ While each vivid cadence swelling,
 „ „ Hurls in slumb'ring chains despair.

ANTISTROPHE

Such the founts that chill'd the tide,
 When the Bard in purple pride,
 Sdeigning wild th' unhallow'd wood,
 Like the Persian Monster stood,

Brandishing the scythe of pain.

Vain to toss his leafy pinion,
 Thro' the dark supreme dominion,
 Vain to toss his vernal tresses,
 To the lightnings young caresses,

Thus he pour'd the baffled strain.

EPODE

„ Half the Stygian shafts appear,
 „ Round the Delphic torrent flown,
 „ Carnage rends th'unfinish'd year,
 „ Blasted on her coral throne.
 „ Virgin graced with downy blue,
 „ Why that look of Tyrian hue?
 „ Hasty comes the hoary tamer,
 „ Ling'ring thro' the vanish'd way;
 „ Meet, O meet the dear reclamer,
 „ Where unfullied tumults play;
 „ Meantime, on pearly beds of cool repose,
 „ Cull with harmonious wing the undulating rose.

STROPHE

„ Erst aloof the Alpine snow,
 „ Thro the saphire storm below,
 „ Came on Zephyr's lap to pour,
 „ Wreaths of bliss that valour wore.

„ Silence from her silver cell,
 „ With dismay, and mimic pleasure,
 „ Scatters free her saffron treasure,
 „ Scatters with reclining anguish,
 „ Looks that soar, and words that languish:
 „ So the northern Hero fell.

ANTISTROPHE

„ Fierce CRUDDRODDRUCK grinds the shore,
 „ BLYMNLOE eyes the crimson roar,
 „ From the wide ensanguined main,
 „ Darkness leads her fiery train,
 „ Where prophetic numbers flow,
 „ Echo, from responsive willow,
 „ Murm'ring near the frantic billow,
 „ Stirs to, wrath each desert fountain,
 „ Wakes to arms each ghastly mountain,
 „ Beaming with a fable glow.

EPIODE

- „ Sweet the Lily glides above,
 „ Sweet the swallow skims the noon,
 „ Sweet the liquid whispers rove,
 „ Vocal to the checquer'd moon,
 „ Pliant o'er the prowling plain
 „ Graces three in crested train,
 „ Now, with humid vengeance beating,
 „ Shrowd the happier lance of fear;
 „ Now, in streams of hope retreating,
 „ Raise the roseate rapture here:
 „ And oft as Venus binds her turtle's nest,
 „ In melting folds they smile, and occupy her breast,

STROPHE

- „ Hark! the griesly hour begins,
 „ Hark! the God with raven fins,
 „ Onward where beneath the shade,
 „ Cadmus wooed the Punic maid,
 „ Waves in fire his ebon sword,
 „ Hence the swarm of baleful season,
 „ Urge the mightier front of treason,
 „ Hence with new-bespangled sorrow,
 „ Emulate the lost to-morrow,
 „ Emulate the Battle's Lord,

ANTISTROPHE

- „ Weave the woof and o'er the warp,
„ Pour the many-twinkling harp,
„ Near Ætolia's radiant bower,
„ Let the tuneful Plumage low'r,
„ Such the insatiate Spartan's doom,
„ Night comes on with dauntless lustre,
„ Binds the stars in faded cluster,
„ Careless on some dusky river,
„ Cupid throws his ivy quiver,
„ Shuttles of the vengeful loom.

EPODE

- „ Still the Thracian Spectre's car,
„ Wages red a barb'rous cry,
„ Thro' the fervent groves of war,
„ Where her pointed triumphs die,
„ Peace ye heart-repelling fair!
„ Lave in burnish'd tints your hair,
„ Peace, O peace, mellifluous glory!
„ Mid the forest's browner roar,
„ Hail each mute enamour'd story,
„ Hail each withering flame of yore!
He spoke; and wanton to the rugged beam,
With lambent robes he swept the horror of the stream.

ADVERTISEMENT

THE following Paper was sent to the Secretary of the OZIOSI Society, by one of its Members, who had departed hastily for England, upon a rumour that the Parliament was to be dissolved: in which case he intended to offer himself as a Candidate to represent the County of It was meant, it seems, only as an Exercise in Composition; previous to his attempting to deliver his sentiments in public debate; and exhibit nothing strikingly new or uncommon to an English Reader; as both the stile and matter must be familiar to him: but the Society have given it a place in these Miscellanies, for the benefit of those foreigners, who, having learnt the English language, are desirous to obtain a clear Idea of the Constitution of England, and of the Principles of the present *Exactions* in that Country;

SERIOUS THOUGHTS

Upon the present distracted state
of Great Britain

Addressed to the Country Gentlemen.

Gentlemen .

AS States and Empires have, their periodical and immutable disquisitions, adapted to every concurring circumstance, from the Regal intention, down to the subject evidence of popular discernment : It will not, I trust, be esteemed desultory in me to enter at this time into the controuling sentiments of fair and simplified exertion ; and carefully to select, with judicial authority, the formation of, our views, the dignity of our System, and their mutual reference to national propensity. In entering upon so vague, and so preconceived an idea, I may very probably meet with the most urgent difficulties ; and be compelled to encounter arguments, forcibly authenticated, and

evidently supported; arguments which being liable to repeated renewal, may in the end be fatally continued. But this shall by no means shake me from the tendency of my purpose, actuated as I am by a laudable enquiry after freedom; the unalterable, sincere, and only true basis of our constitutional researches. On the contrary, being led to the charge by an impulsive ardour, the proper test to alarm the indignant soul of every free-born Briton, I shall pursue my weak endeavours without anxiety or submission; and unconcernedly view the smile of Perfidy, the imbecillity of Despotism, and the ignorance of Despair.

It is at length become manifest that Coalition differences begin to animate the remotest frequency of refusal; which officially combined with antiministerial legislation, may in the end corroborate it, but can never be shaken. For in vain would the policy of Lord North exist, when contending principles have subsided; and when the distorted machinations that now unite the whole, shall have called upon the liberal sentiments of Country Gentlemen in their support. They will then be above disguising the violence

of Ministers ; or the influence of Opposition, but will avowedly produce the dreaded serpent on the parliamentary surface of internal innovation.

Let us cast our eyes back to early times in search of Precedents to appreciate these seemingly opposite endeavours, and we shall see upon record an authentic disparity that coincides materially with the nature of this interrogation. I mean in that famous speech, when Henry the seventh addressed himself to the Council of Leicester, upon the memorable requisition of an unlimited Ballot : For he there used a repugnant Plea to conciliate the expectations of those arbitrary constituents, and boldly affirmed (to use his own words) that : *Whereas rude and auncient tymes have beene incontynentlie imploied for to excyte and uprayse currageus and pitious folk to desdaign sich reformatives, gorie daies may bring those favoures to a bludstayned and an affrightned noyce.* And Cardinal Wolsey, likewise, in later times discussed similar propositions before the Ecclesiastical Compendium, held by him at Derby upon the famous question relative to the Expulsive Concurrence of the Church.

From these two cases, therefore, which form

a sort of positive jurisdiction, we may deduce a fair conclusion with regard to the proposals now under consideration; though there is one notable subterfuge of circumstance, as it must be owned that no parallel can safely be admitted where such a plan of endowment is finally to be rendered equal with the sense of the whole Kingdom. The unfortunate Charles the first, in the meridian exercise of his civil Monarchy, was indeed possessed of apparent, though inapplicable, controulments; but as they were under surer means of cultivation no reference can possibly be drawn from thence, or acceded to, without an adequate risque. Whereas in the present instance, expectation has become precarious; and Ministry have not been able to put in practice any executive remedy beyond what the leading emissaries of remote dissensions may reasonably admit. The nation at large may check the progress of streightned Authority, by means of its component advantages; but can never absolutely dissolve it. In vain may we throw our voices to the wind, while the transient thunder of prosperity subverts the *ostensible* dignity of the times, and radically overthrows it by consequent Absurdities.

Let us pause then a moment to examine, for the mere sake of satisfaction, the amount of Malt as entered in the Customhouse books for the year one thousand seven hundred and seventy nine; and we shall there find how national influence has been counteracted. For if, on the contrary, a previous drawback upon Soap had been instituted, England would have benefited in the joint sum of three millions, one hundred and forty thousand three hundred and ninety seven pounds sterling; and the royal treasury would have had no occasion to revert to the specified separation at so early a period. I will only mention one Example more of this kind, which I think must convey demonstration to the ears of the most blind. What I allude to is the discretionary exportation of Bullocks and Calves permitted on the whole Norfolk coast, without even the shadow of an arrangement, when it was well known, that, at the identical time, neither Portsmouth nor Plymouth had a contracted quantity of Tar or Cordage capable of dispatching a single Sloop upon the most pressing emergency. These facts are too obvious to admit refutation; and plainly evince the desperate mode of efficient Patriotism, so evidently

conducive to the capricious designs of the most mortifying embezzlements. Under the auspices of any wise pretensions, this political torrent would dissipate, and no person whatever would dare to defend so repugnant and decided a monopoly: while the laborious Countryman, and useful Mechanic, might be able to extend their observations, nor dread the bitter clouds that light our distant Hemisphere with invincible delusion. They might then say with Ovid,

Confedere dutes, & vulgi stante coronâ

Surgit ad hos.

And however a Ministry or British Parliament may contend for such unconstitutional resumption, real actually existing articles can in no wise correspond with them; and for this authorized reason, that fewer sentences upon Government are more evidently true, than, that our Indian Possessions could never have been preserved by any negative precaution. I will defy the warmest advocate for the opposite side to reply to this assertion, how violent soever may be the gradation of his interest, or the progress of his Engagements

on the subject of relative altercation. Juvenal indeed, observes :

Par vellus dabitur pugnanti Gorgone Maura.

But the measure has in this exigency an obvious danger, which is neither to be restricted nor communicated. We therefore call aloud upon you, Gentlemen, amidst the unhappy differences that now subsist in this Country, to steel your minds against the artful simplicity of decoration, the obscurity of arrogance, and the protraction of independency.

On this general ground the great modern Reformer has been admirably constant, and, with transcendent eloquence, has wandered over the affecting district of his melancholy powers. For while, with one hand, he culls a flowery chaplet for the brow of Majesty; he lays, with the other, a laurel wreath upon the Altar of Concord.

If it were my intention to produce such decided additions as these sentiments seem to require, I should be less silent; but when the negotiating voice of public affairs claims the brightest abilities, we should throw off the contaminating mask, and with a powerful and unremitting energy place

before the eyes of the dejected widow, and her weeping Orphans, the necessary refusal of such desperate deliberations. Here let me call your tender affections to the scene before you, and beg you to reflect how severe is the ill-requited calamity of unavailing sorrow: No rather let me draw a veil over the horrid representation, that you may never know, by hard experience, the bitterness of confusion, the compunction of grief, nor the realized contagion of suspense.

But it was said that Parliamentary indemnification has been debased, while parliamentary consistency has been involved. If it be so, there must doubtless be somewhere a subsequent importance; but I seriously believe, on my part, that no such measures ever appeared; I mean when critically connected with the stated advantages. The *sunt quos curriculo* of Horace may here be properly applicable; but, in fact, feebly established: for eventual elections must naturally produce eventual appearances: Yet, Gentlemen, the present universal cry of superiour measures seems to me to be more than an ambiguous proof of the pressure of emoluments. I refer this matter, however to your own private judgments; though I cannot help

indulging myself in the pleasing retrospect, that these digested comments may have their due weight; as no man, however privileged; can be desirous of acquiescing in so complicated a submission.

But no longer to retard your patience, I will give it to you; Gentlemen; as my parting exhortation; to be earnestly attentive; in that great; that solicitous Cause, the salvation of Liberty; Liberty the resplendent gem that has led our venerable ancestors to the bowers of Elysium; Liberty the precious pledge of moral Excitement; that glorious Liberty, I say; which, strictly connected with foreign attachments and domestic differences; may yet farther accelerate the dignity of America; and the East Indies; at the same time that it may throw a blaze of lustre upon ourselves, our posterity; and the Kingdom of Great Britain.

C A T O:

London .

March 2. 1784.

R M

indulging myself in the pleasing contemplation
that the most virtuous men have their due
as no man, however privileged, can be happy
or respected in a corrupted and debased
but no longer to tempt your patience, I will
give it as you, Gentlemen, and my fellow
citizens, to be equally anxious in the great
and glorious Cause, the liberation of Liberty
Liberty, the right of man that man has
inherent and due to the powers of Reason
Liberty the precious birth of moral Education
that glorious Liberty, I say, which shall be
with the great achievements and noble discoveries
may yet further accelerate the Liberty of America
and that these laws, at the same time, that it
may be a place of honor and nobility, our
patience, and the 66th MA 21

C. A. T. O.

March 2, 1784.
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